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THE
LATIN ODES

OF

MR. GRAY,
_K

IN ENGLISH VERSE,

WITH

AN ODE

ON THE

DEATH of a favorite SPANIEL.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. RIDLEY, in ST. JAMES'S STREET.

MDCCLXXV.

THE

LATIN

M. C. R. A. Y.

IN ENGLISH VERSE



171

A. N. D.

DEATH of a famous

...

LONDON

Printed for J. RIDLEY, in Strand.

MDCCLXXV



ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Odes are intended, with another very lately published,* as sincere, though feeble testimonies of respect to an Author, who successfully adopted Delicacy of Reflection from the Roman, Sublimity of Expression from the Grecian Lyrist, and painted moral Sensibility from Nature, and himself.

* Ode Pindarica pro Cambriae Vatribus Latino Carmine reddita.—
1775. Matthews, Cambridge.

THE FOLLOWING OBJECTS ARE INTENDED TO BE
PRESERVED IN THE MUSEUM

ADVERTISEMENT

THE FOLLOWING OBJECTS ARE INTENDED TO BE
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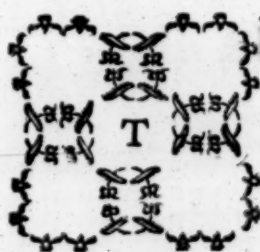
* Of the President and Curator of the
Museum, Cambridge.



THE
LATIN ODES
OF
M^R. GRAY.



O D E I.



HY task the barbarous Seats to roam,
Which restless Law proclaims her Home,
With me to tend the wordy jar,
The boiling Gownsmen's mimic war,

Is't not thy wish in Quiet lay'd
Beneath the broad Elm's social shade,
With Books Life's tumults to beguile,
And idly lure the Muse's smile?

Full oft with step devoid of care
 I brush the Dew, to meet the Fair,
 To meet her, ere *Aurora's* light,
 Nor quit her 'mid the gloom of Night.

Where'er I stray, on ev'ry Hill
Parnassus' heights my Fancy fill
 Fertil of woods; I view below
 Each Stream an *Aganippe* flow.

Gay-laugh the Spring, while I inhale
 (Gay-laugh the Nymphs) the morning Gale,
 (Nor mine inelegance of Smell)
 Breath'd from the Violet's filken Bell.

Reclin'd upon the flow'ring grafs
 I see the nimble Waters pass,
 Soft-chiding, as they weave their way,
 Each Pebble, wishing their delay.

These

These simple cares were wont to cheer
My Soul each happy, circling Year,
While purer flow'd the Western hours,
And Comfort wak'd the social Pow'rs.

Nor rural Leisure mine to shun,
True as the Flow'r, that wooes the Sun;
(Though Tempests swell with churlish rage,
And Summer bend with Winter's Age)

Whether inspiring Labor's train
His Car refreshes Hill, and Plain,
The Dawn while Eastern Tracks unfold,
Array'd in Purple, and in Gold,

His Orb I hail with watchful sight
Benignant Prodigal of Light :
Or if he *paints* in milder pride
With flame his favor'd *Calpe's* fide,

How faintly sinks th'expiring Ray,
 Till the last glimm'ring blush of Day!
 The playful Clouds from Æther steal,
 Till Shades the verdant scene conceal.

Oh! were my happier lot to share
 (Dead to the world, and all its care)
 Such calm decline, such peaceful doom,
 As smiles a welcome to the tomb!

No, splendid God, thy mid-day blaze
 Too lavish Charms for Me displays;
 Bask Thou, *Olympus*, in the Beam,
 Proud of the Light's luxuriant Stream.

O D E II.

FOUNTAIN of Tears, whose softer Mine
 Treasures the Soul of source divine,
 He, pious Maid, is ever blest'd,
 Who feels thee flowing through his breast.*

O D E III.

PARENT of Roses, from whose wing
 The infant Gales of Zephyr spring,
 Thy Breath, the Nurse of fond Desires,
 Thy Praise the Sylvan Train inspires.

Say in what cool, sequester'd bow'r
 My Friend deceives the leisure hour?
 Say! is the Lyre's sweet Magic lay'd,
 Or charms it the Pierian shade?

C

His

* The Title of Ode is hazarded to these four Lines, the Original, though very abbreviated, being exquisitely marked with Sentiment and Expression.

His richer Fancy wand'ring wide !

*Yet heedless of the *Classic Tide*

Chill'd by the Grove, of Alba's Boast,

—Ev'n of the *Man*, he values most.

To *Faunus*, and the Satyrs dear,

Ye, whom proud *Anio* taught to fear,

Rolling his stream the rocks along,

Forests of Pine, attend my Song !

Fam'd *Tibur* oft, and oft the shade,

Where Friendship's foot enchanted stray'd,

Hills, Valleys, Streams have tun'd his name,

While Echo swell'd the Notes of Fame.

Ev'n Me the Naiads deign'd to view

Stretch'd on the bank of glist'ning Dew,

Where once the Lyric Bird would lave

His pinions in the sacred wave.

Hark !

* This Ode was written by Mr. GRAY immediately after his *Journey to Frescati*, and the *Cascades of Tivoli*.—Mason.

[74]
Hark! while he sweetly trills, the Wood
Is Silence all, unmov'd the Flood!
And still (the Muse commands) his strain
The Laurels old, and Rocks retain.

Nor wonder thus the Scenes inspire
Each Chord, that flutters on my Lyre;
While Nature feels luxuriant Spring,
She calls the meanest voice to sing.

Wrapp'd in each Leaf (nor ill I deem)
Still *Phæbus* sheds th'enthusiast Dream;
The Rills, the Breezes whisper round,
Accents——of more than mortal Sound.

O D E IV.

HAIL the Name, thou lov'st to grace,
Religion of this awful Place!
Pow'r divine, who deign'st to rove
These thy native Streams, and Grove!

Mid the Rocks, that frown on high,
 Mark the present Deity !
 Mid rugged Mountains, craggy Steeps,
 The Night of Woods, the Roar of Deeps !

Thy genial Charms eclipse the gleam
 Of *Phidian* Art, of Citron* beam ;
 Ruler of thy Votary's breast,
 Thine to sooth his toil to rest !

Fortune, from this envy'd Seat,
 Where Silence consecrates Retreat,
 Wilt thou bar my willing Soul,
 Doom'd to Life's tempestuous roll ?

Seats, like These, thou guardian Pow'r,
 Bless my Day's declining hour !
 Happiest Wish ! this Port to share,
 Far from noise, and vulgar care !

ODE

* Orig.—*Trabe citrea*.

O D E V.

On the Death of a favorite SPANIEL.

[‘ MR. WALPOLE had a little, fat, black Spaniel, that he was very fond of, which he sometimes used to set down, and let it run by the Chaise-side. We were at that time in a very rough road, not two yards broad at most ; on one side was a great wood of Pines, and on the other a vast Precipice ; it was noon-day, and the Sun shone bright, when all of a sudden, from the wood-side (which was as steep upwards, as the other part was downwards) out-rushed a great Wolf, came close to the head of the horses, seized the Dog by the throat, and rushed up the hill again with him in his mouth. This was done in less than a quarter of a Minute ; we all saw it, and yet the Servants had not time to draw their pistols, or do any thing to save the Dog. If he had not been there, and the Creature had thought fit to lay hold of one of the horses ; Chaise, and we, and all must inevitably have tumbled above fifty Fathoms perpendicular down the precipice.’]

Mason's Memoirs of Mr. Gray's Life, and Writings.

—Letter 10th.

WHERE in lone grandeur to the fight
 Alps heave o'er Alps, tremendous height,
 The PAIR congenial roam ;
 —Ah ! why the rugged Road to stray,
 To climb Ambition's narrow Way,
 Why quit your peaceful Home ?

D

HERE

HERE Pines; stern Rulers of the Grove,
With waving foreheads tow'r above,
And close the solemn Scene;

THERE frowns the Precipice below——

The aching eyes no object know

Th' unfathom'd Void to screen.

SOL in meridian glory bright

Darts forth a richer stream of Light,

To gild the savage place :

When sudden from the shady Steep

A Wolf (ev'n now the Tale I weep)

The monster of his race

Springs furious——whence thy waste of force?

How poor, if Hunger urge thy course,

The little Spaniel's Treat !

—Oh ! spare, the helpless Suppliant spare !

Still let a Master's anxious care

His faithful fondling greet !

In vain—for deaf to Pity's cries
 Forth to the Steep the Tyrant flies,
 And bears his yelping prey ;
 —Resentment, check the Pistol's Fire !
 He's fled——what wishes would conspire
 To stop the *Lightning's* Sway !

Thus oft in Health's serener Spring,
 The frolic Spirits on the wing
 For Pleasure's varying joys,
 Misfortune leers, a jealous fiend,
 A *Favorite* first, at last a FRIEND,
 (That happiest Boon) destroys.

Yet oh ! ill-fated Spaniel, hear
 A Master's sigh, a Master's tear,
 That drops upon thy grave !
 Pattern of Constancy, and Truth,
 Whose Life could cheer *his* earlier Youth,
 Whose Death *his* Life could save !

E. B. G.

I am

In vain—for dead to life's joys

Loath to the earth, the tyrant's slave

And leave his wailing woe

—Resolute, even in the face of death

He'd shed—what woe would conquer

To stop the lightning's way

Then off in Heaven's realm

The fierce spirits on the wing

For Pleasure's joys

Misfortune's tears, a bitter end

A treasure full, as full a friend

(That happy'st boon) desire

Yet oh! ill-fated Spain, how

A Master's sign, a Master's tone

That drops upon thy grave!

Tatters of Conscience, and Truth

Whose life could cheer the earlier Youth

Whole Death his life could save!

E. B. G.



